

MICHIGAN FARMER

AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1886--WITH HOUSEHOLD.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEA

VOLUME XVII.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

NUMBER 10

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Agricultural.

MACOMB COUNTY SHEEP-BREEDERS' AND WOOL-GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Annual Institute Under the Auspices of this Association.

The third annual Institute of this Association was held at Romeo, on Thursday, February 25, and, as usual, was largely attended. The morning session was devoted to business, such as the reports of officers, election of officers for the ensuing year, etc. In the afternoon President Phillips called the meeting to order, said a few words about the programme, and hoped every one present would take part in the discussions, and get in a word whenever he could even if it was somebody's hobby a little hard.

Then, when the meeting was over, let all partake and forget about the hits received. He said he expected the tariff question would be sharply discussed, and hoped it would be, with good feeling. After piece of music had been sung, Mr. O. S. Bristol, of Almont, read a paper on "Washing Sheep—Does it pay?" He said in substance, that he didn't know where or when the practice originated, nor could he account for the persistency with which it is adhered to. He thought it must have originated with some man who lived a long distance from market and did not want to pay transportation on their wool when washed, he would still question whether it paid. In the first place, washing puts off shearing until late, and after the flies had got in their work, and he believed the damage done by them more than made up the difference in the price received. Sheep-shearers say they prefer to shear unwashed sheep, because the skin is more tough and healthy. Cold water often causes catarrh, stunts young animals, and thus injures them for life. He had become so thoroughly convinced that it did not pay to wash sheep that last season he left his ewes with lambs at home. He got just five cents more per head for the unwashed than the washed fleeces. He referred to the danger of contagious diseases, such as hoof-rot being spread by washing at a public place. Storm washing, he said, was worse than brook-washing, and he warned flock-owners against leaving out their sheep in the cold spring rains. After looking the question all over he had concluded that farmers cannot afford to wash their sheep.

Mr. James Stevens said he had always washed his sheep. Had never tried leaving them unwashed. Thought the results depended a good deal on the kind of water.

Mr. McIlwrick thought as long as they continued to dock unwashed fleeces one-third just so long would sheep be washed.

Those who owned light-fleeced open-wooled sheep could not afford to sell their wool unwashed. The rule of the wool buyers is like that of the butter buyers. It does not make any difference about the quality of the butter, it all goes at one price. Just so with wool. He mentioned instances where farmers had lost heavily by not washing.

Mr. Bristol was being called out and he thought it would not be profitable for a man who had light fleeces to sell it unwashed, because the dockage is too heavy. But it was not natural for the sheep to be washed, and he did not think it was good for them. His opinion was that there were more dollars and cents in washing than in selling unwashed wool. His experience led him to think it was better to wash fine wool sheep.

Mr. Cole said if farmers all agreed on this subject and refused to wash their sheep he believed it would solve the question. Had listened to Mr. Bristol's paper, and thought his conclusions correct. Not only was washing bad for the sheep but it was dangerous to the health of the wash-

ers. The paper, he thought, had covered the whole ground.

The President asked Mr. Ingles for his opinion, as he sometimes bought wool.

Mr. Ingles said he only bought wool on the sheep's back. He thought the great mistake was in docking all fleeces alike. President Phillips said that four years ago he was at the Romeo shearing and looked over the fleeces carefully. "I saw Mr. John Thompson's wool and Mr. Thompson's and I took particular notice of it as being the finest unwashed wool I had ever seen. It seems to me that without washing it was whiter than I could possibly make mine by washing, and still they had to take the same reduction as other men who had many very greasy sheep."

Mr. Gibbons said the trouble was largely in the present system of buying. Buyers work on commission, and the more pounds they buy the more money they make. They adopt an arbitrary rule—such a price for washed wool, and one-third less for unwashed. Some farmers take no care of their sheep, the fleeces get full of all kinds of dirt, while others keep their flocks in good shape. These latter fleeces are worth a great deal more than the dirty ones, but they must all go at the same price. The buyer makes up on the clean fleeces what he loses on the dirty ones. He has, under the present system of buying, to adopt this course to protect himself. He cannot handle each fleece and price it according to its merits.

Some discussion followed this paper as to what style of sheep the farmer should rely upon, and all classes of fine wool and cross-bred Down and Merino sheep had their advocates.

Two papers on the tariff followed. The first was by Hon. John M. Norton, of Rochester, and was entitled, "Is High Protective Tariff Beneficial to the greatest number of Farmers?" The other side was presented by Mr. Mason Cole of Romeo, and was entitled, "A Protective Tariff Needful to the Best Interests of the Wool-Growers and to our National Prosperity." Mr. Norton sustained his position as favoring free trade in a masterly manner, supported by Mr. James Stevens and Mr. McIlwrick. The tariff side was ably presented by Mr. Cole, who spoke without notes. No sooner were the two leaders through than a dozen excited men wanted the floor, but President Phillips calmed the rising storm, and for the next hour the battle raged fiercely. The free traders were few, but were all the more stubborn, and it required the force of numbers to make any impression on them. Marble Hall looked like a field day in the House of Representatives.

The last charge was made by Mr. Van Hoosen on the protective side, and he carried all before him. An adjournment followed to enable the members to cool off and get supper.

In the evening Mr. A. D. Taylor sent in a short paper entitled "What Shall the Coming Sheep Be?" which described the ideal sheep of the future. Of course it was a Merino. It was a large sheep, must fatten in the damage done to the person who washes the sheep; the loss of sheep before you get home, as generally some die on the road. When he was raising sheep we could hardly sell wool unless it was washed, and he thought the idea to stop washing a good suggestion.

Mr. Duell said he must side with the majority against the practice of washing sheep. The fact of the business is when you come to figure it all up, you have to remember that it injures the lambs; you must fatten in the damage done to the person who washes the sheep; the loss of sheep before you get home, as generally some die on the road.

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Mr. Van Hoosen favored washing because there was more money in it, and that was what he was after. We cannot afford to wash sheep; besides it was cleanly, and cleanliness was next to godliness.

He washed, and he washed his sheep, and he should have to continue it as long as wool was bought as at present. He had never had a lamb die, and the people who washed them did not die either.

Mr. Norton said the fine wool men did not like to wash their sheep as it mixes the oil with the fleece. He took the position that washing did not hurt the sheep, and it brought him more money to wash them. If we wash the sheep clean there will be no docking. Since we have got to raising these fine wool sheep they hate to wash them because they are kept dry all the year round and this oil gets in the ends of the wool; if we wash them it only mixes it up with the wool, hence they did not want to wash them. But there is a cheat in it, and the man that buys the wool loses it by. While in New York this past summer he had visited a good many farmers who raise a large number of sheep. They had two and three year old lambs at the time of the sale, and never follow up a cross, sending all the cross-breds to the block.

"The Future Prospect of the Merino," a paper by R. Gibbons, followed. The paper took the ground that the future was all right for good sheep, but not poor ones. Wool was cheap, and more wool must be grown per head to make it pay.

Flocks should be culled and every light-fleeced sheep sent to the shambles. Non-breeders should be weeded out, and none who kept it would not bring up a lamb each year.

It was the weak spot of the Merino, and it had not received the attention of breeders. With more mutation and wool less loss the future of the Merino was as bright as it ever had been.

The future was largely in the hands of breeders, and they did their duty the future of the Merino was assured.

After some discussion of the paper the meeting adjourned, closing a very interesting and instructive meeting.

The next day was spent in looking over some of the flocks of the neighborhood, of which we shall say something hereafter.

because it is timely, and will serve to start other wool-growers associations to looking up the subject. We think there could be a great improvement in the present system of buying, and if a change is necessary it must come from the wool-growers themselves.—ED FARMER.]

"Grades or Thoroughbreds for the Average Farmer," a paper by E. D. A. True, of Armada, took the ground that the time was not distant when thoroughbreds would be generally kept by farmers. He gave an idea of what he thought the history of the change would be, and humorously alluded to the position Macomb Co. would take in the change, leading all others, and wool-growers from all the Territories and foreign nations rushing to that County for stock to improve their flocks.

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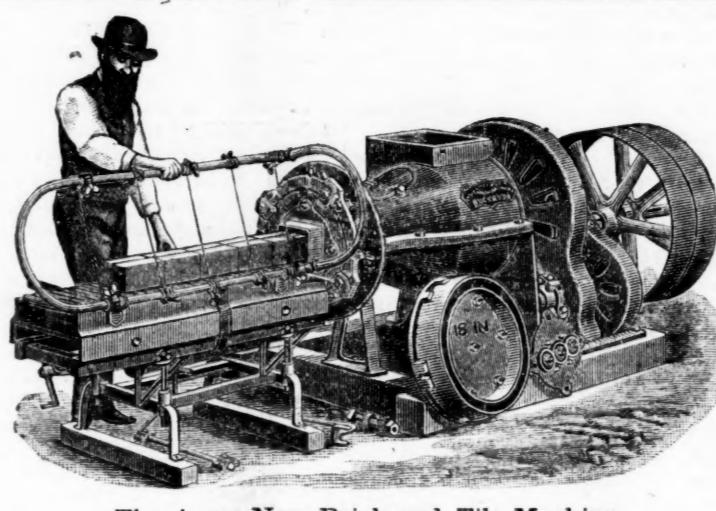
Mr. Bristol said he thought many of the speakers had taken a wrong stand in the discussion. The claim that wool which is washed will bring 30 cents a pound and unwashed wool will bring 20 cents is all nonsense. The last time he washed he had 40 fleeces and he washed it as clean as he could, and they docked 18 fleeces.

He thinks there are but few farmers who wash their sheep as it is good for them. Just as it is, with the present arbitrary way of buying it would not do for a few to attempt it.

Mr. Bristol said if wool-growers would all unite and agree not to wash it would be all right. But as it is, with the present arbitrary way of buying it would not do for a few to attempt it.

Mr. Bristol said that after you get west of the Mississippi River there is no washing done, and it is the same at the east. This washing is confined to a few States, and it seems to me that if they can go without it in other parts of the country they can here.

We have purposely given a pretty full report of the discussion of this subject,



The Acme New Brick and Tile Machine.

FARMING VS. MILLING.

Since writing the article on "Going to Mill" in the issue for Nov. 24th of the FARMER, which, by the way, aroused as much attention among millers as it did among farmers, I have had my attention called to some other matters which form a sort of sequel to the former article. Both millers and farmers are equally interested in the crops of grain, as their profits come directly or indirectly from these staples, and it would seem that their profits should in a measure be uniform, or share and share alike. There doubtless should be some exception to this in the millers' favor to compensate for the added risk to milling property, over that of farm property, but the percent of profit to each, between the sowing of the seed and the threshed grain, and the grain and the finished product from the mill, needs adjustment. The average cost of a bushel of wheat to the farmer, as appears from the investigations of the State Department through its system of crop reports for last year, was 71 cents from seed to delivery; 20 per cent on this cost brings the wheat to 85 cents, which is somewhat higher than the average price at the delivery points in the State since the markets for the crop year have opened, but for convenience we will call wheat worth 85 cents. The greatest amount of grain of any of the mills is willing to give for a bushel of wheat is 33 lbs. of flour, 10 lbs. of bran and two pounds of middlings. The toll on this bushel of wheat, if sold at the rates now charged for flour and feed, will bring at least 18½ cents, and this is within a small fraction of 20 per cent for an hour's handling of the wheat, against the year which must elapse before the farmer can realize upon his investment of labor and capital.

I have before me the Grand Rapids Daily Democrat of Dec. 10th, in which are reports from 22 different flouring mills, giving the amounts of flour, bran and middlings allowed for a bushel of wheat. I have averaged the figures and find that 36.8 lbs. of flour, 10.2 lbs. of bran, and 1.8 lbs. of middlings, or 48.8 lbs. of grain are given for a bushel of wheat. The 48.8 lbs. represents the 85 cents which the bushel of wheat is worth to the farmers in flour and feed. This leaves 11.2 lbs. in the millers' hands for toll, out of the 60 lbs. brought. And when we take into consideration the further fact, that our corn crop, occupying in 1884, in our country, no less than 69,683,780 acres of ground as against 39,475,885 acres of wheat. In yield of bushels the superiority of the corn crop is still more remarkable, being of corn 1,795,528,492, against 512,763,900 bushels of wheat. Thus it will be seen that the wheat crop of our country as compared with our corn, is, in quantity, less than thirty percent. In their cash value the comparison stands as follows: Corn, \$640,735,839; wheat, \$320,961,250. And then when we take into consideration the further fact, that our corn crop, in bushels, greatly exceeds that of all other of our cultivated grains combined, it becomes apparent that this corn question is one of stupendous magnitude. Every body raises corn, and almost every one thinks he knows how to do it. It is safe to say that not one out of ten who are engaged in the business thoroughly understand it. If the remaining nine tenths throughout the country understood and practiced it as well as does the one tenth, it is safe to assert that it would add at least five hundred million bushels to the quantity produced each year. The very fact that such immense quantities of corn are produced, where so much indifferent cultivation is practiced, speaks in the strongest and most unmistakable language, the value of the crop, its tenacity of life and its remarkable adaptation to this country of ours. Almost all other crops are more local in their character. Corn seems indigenous everywhere, except in the extreme north. On the mountain sides and in the valleys, on clay and sand and loam and mud, this great national crop of ours is at home. And yet, the price of a first rate crop of corn, like "the price of liberty, is eternal vigilance." The man who goes into the field to raise a corn crop has a host of enemies to contend with, and he should "gird on his armor for the conflict." Drouths and floods and frosts stare him in the face; myriads of weeds, the birds of the air and the insect world are all arrayed against him. But if he fights the battle valiantly he is almost sure to be victorious. First, let him manfully, but for no fear of making land too rich for corn. Next, he should plow well; no general rule as to depth can be laid down, the soil and circumstances must govern. A deep plowing, which on a strong clay soil might prove the salvation of the crop, might on a light sandy soil destroy the possibility of raising a good crop for several years. If you have a blue grass sod to turn under, plow as deep as you think the nature of the soil will admit; and a harrow should be applied lengthwise of the furrow, to fill every crevice with fine earth, thus smothering the grass before it has time to get breath. It is generally best to use the roller before the harrow, as the roller crushes the batte before the victory is fairly won, as his corn bank account is certain to prove in the day of harvest. Now, I don't suppose that all this persevering vigilance is necessary to secure a corn crop in our more southern latitudes; but here, with our shorter summers, everything depends upon it. But with judicious selection of soil and seed, aided by persevering and intelligent cultivation, we have no

The Horse.

Horses for Profit.

There is no more profitable stock to raise than horses, always provided you raise good ones. If a mare be carefully handled she will do nearly as much work and raise a colt as though not bred, and it costs much less to raise a good horse than to buy one. It costs no more aside from the service of the horse to raise a colt to three years than a steer to the same age. After the colt is three years old he will pay his way at four or five years will sell for twice as much—ordinarily—as the steer. If a farmer would keep four mares and breed two for fall colts and two for spring he could carry on a large farm with the mares and young horses and have horses to sell each year. I think a fall colt is less tax on the man and better in many respects than a spring colt. A colt weaned in spring with a long pasture season before it will be larger at a year old than one weaned in the fall and entering the winter six months old instead of a year, as is the fall colt. A colt born in September or October can be weaned in February, and the mare will be in good condition for spring work. Every mare raising a colt should have a roomy box stall, and not be tied.

The colt should be halter-broke when a week old and when allowed to follow the mother be led at her side. Accustom the mother to work without its following her, and when plowing near enough to the stable leave it there and take the mare in the middle of each half day, to let it suck, or tie it in the shade at the side of the field. A colt thoroughly halter-broke before it is weaned is half broken. Until your colts are three years old winter them in box stalls; you can keep two together in a stall 8x10 feet, let them out a few hours for exercise every pleasant day, feed very little corn but give all the good bright hay or fodder they will eat, and four quarts of oats and bran a day with an occasional feed of sheaf oats and in cold weather one ear of corn each. Do not stint their food, but do not try to make them fat. The pasture for them should have pure water, shade, and a variety of grasses, and should not be overstocked. I think a majority of the colts in the corn belt are permanently injured by overfeeding with corn, and many of them are allowed to stand in the stable for weeks at a time without exercise.—Waldo F. Brown, in *N. Y. Tribune*.

Longevity in Horses.

The longevity of horses depends greatly upon the care they receive when young. A horse that passes the age of 25 or 30 years and is sound and fit for service is rather a curiosity now, and yet naturalists tell us that the natural life of a horse should be more years than these. An English writer refers to one he knows which lived to 47 years, having all the time a ball in his neck, received in the battle of Preston Pans, in the rebellion of 1755, which was extracted at his death in 1758; thus, judging him to be four years old at the time he received the wound—and it was probable he was more—he must at his death have been 47. But even these venerables, he says, were babies to the large horse of the Mersey and Irwell navigation, which was well known to have been in his sixty-second year when he died. It will be noticed by the observing that the horses which attain these ripe old ages are not those which have been pampered and have led an idle life, but in most instances they are horses that have had steady employment from one year's end to the other. It will also be observed that they have generally been in the hands of men who have given them proper care and attention and have been regular as well as careful in their attentions. This sustains the idea that more horses "rust out" and are killed by hard management than die at the expiration of a natural lifetime. By careful observation it will also be noticed that horses which live to a ripe old age and retain their vitality, action and usefulness to the end are generally well-bred, or at least have some warm blood in their veins. If, then, we are enabled to add five or ten years to the life and usefulness of a horse, and that too at the time he can be most useful and safe, it should be apparent to all that it pays well to breed and raise the best classes possible, and to treat them properly after they are raised.

Breeding Trotters.

Success in breeding speedy roadsters probably depends quite as much upon the individual merits of the ancestors of the stallions and mares used for stock purposes as upon the combination of blood lines which they possess. Atavism, or the tendency to throw back to near or remote ancestors, is a frequent cause of disappointment to those who have selected their breeding stock solely on account of pedigree. This important factor is the one most liable to be overlooked by inexperienced breeders, many of whom are usually satisfied to know that the size, form, gait, color, disposition and blood lines of the mare and stallion are up to the required standard, hence neglect to investigate the character of the sire and dam, grandsons and granddams for four or five generations back, to see if there existed among them any that were unsound in limb or feet, that lacked substance, form, quality or nerve force, that were deficient in pluck or endurance, that showed a tendency to shy, balk, kick, or possessed other objectionable characteristics.

The breeder who neglects to inform himself upon these points when selecting stock is liable to find himself situated like the farmer who bought a strange pair of oxen. The seller, while effecting the trade, was thoroughly absorbed in calling attention to the good points of the cattle and in dilating upon their excellent qualities. After the money had been paid over and the purchaser was out of hearing, the seller suddenly exclaimed: "There! I forgot to tell him that those oxen will jump fences; but never mind, he will find that out when he turns them to pasture." Just so with the breeder of roadsters or trotters who selects his stock solely on account of a fashionable combination of blood lines, regardless of the characteristics of their

ancestors. If any of the defects above mentioned exist in the family he will be pretty sure to find it out before he has bred long, for a certain proportion of the progeny will be likely to throw back and inherit the objectionable features.—*American Cultivator*.

Horse Gossp.

The Owosso *Times* notices the sale by Mr. Reed, of that place to Saginaw parties, of Caldecott, by Pascas, date unknown.

The trotting stallion Monaco, brother to Wedgewood, recently died from peritonitis. He was owned by C. F. Emery, of Cleveland, Ohio.

It is reported that Melton, the winner of the English Derby of 1885, has broken down. He has not been entered for any races this season.

SENATOR STANFORD, of California, will sell 100 head of trotting stock at auction in New York City, during the month of May. The young stock are from Electoneer, General Benton, and Piedmont.

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The recent sale of thoroughbreds owned by Pierre Lorillard, at Johnston, N. J., was a notable one. Twenty-seven head were sold, and brought an aggregate of \$149,050, an average of about \$5,530 per head.

PERCHERON HORSES.—Hundreds of stallions are now annually being imported from France to the United States. The immense wealth they are adding to the nation will be better understood from the estimate that the first cross of the Percheron stallion with a native mare doubles the selling value of the colt when mature. The accomplishment of these grand results is greatly due to the energy of one man, to whom the American people are greatly indebted, he having imported and distributed to almost every State and territory nearly 2,000 Percheron horses. A visit to Mr. M. W. Dunham's "Oaklawn Farm," at Wayne, Illinois, will give new ideas of the magnitude of the horse improvement of the country.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Coldwater *Republican*, referring to horses owned there, says: "The breeding of this young stallion is high and comes to him through speed-producing members of first class families which is the great point to look after in any pedigree. The day for figuring the number of crosses to Messenger, Diamond or Godolphin Arabian has passed away." This is queer logic.

Did not Messenger, Diamond and Godolphin Arabian produce speed! If a horse descends from them through good individuals would he not be all the better for such backing. The day for figuring these crosses may have passed away, but it is singular how the greatest performers and the greatest sires continue to run back to those strains. But perhaps they were not "speed" producing members of great families.

"VERITAS," of the Chicago *Horseman*, exemplifies the influence of the pool-box on the trotting turf with the following story:

"Taking up the question of pool-selling, we long ago advocated that true knowledge as to the betting before the start and from heat to heat was the best field glass. We have seen a horse win the first heat in good style and sell for even money over the field. He won the second heat in faster time, with speed to spare, and then sold at a rate of 10 to \$40 and the field dropped to \$30. Presently the field end re-acted and step by step took an upward flight until it had the call, and while the horses were scoring the favorite's name was a drag in the market. I watched the driver closely. He played his part well; but let the second horse out-trail his charge beyond the wire and to make assurance doubly sure kept his horse in a tangled break on the back stretch but made a great fuss at the finish. He trotted this heat just $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds slower than the previous one. The race was started late in the day. The horse was left in his charge at night. A new driver was put in, but of course he lost the race. The jockey is dead. Had the judge paid attention to the betting and lectured the driver severely he would have won the third heat and the race. The moral is, if the driver fails to win after fair warning, punish him, no matter what his creed, name or influence may be."

The Farm.

THE POTATO ROT.

[A lecture delivered before the Washtenaw Pomological Society by Prof. V. M. Spalding, of the University of Michigan.]

The potato rot, which has been widely prevalent in Michigan and other Northern States the present year, is the same disease that has previously attacked the potato crop in this country and Western Europe, and in some years, notably in 1842 and 1845, occasioned its almost complete destruction.

The disease is caused by the growth of a parasitic fungus, *Phytophthora infestans*, which grows in every part of the potato plant, especially in the leaf and tuber, and by feeding upon the nutritive materials in the cells of the potato causes its exhaustion and subsequent decay.

The fungus in question has been most carefully studied by Dr. A. D. Debary, of Strasburg, and by other competent botanists, and there is probably no parasitic disease of any cultivated plant better understood than the potato rot. In view of its present wide prevalence and destructiveness the leading facts concerning the nature of this disease should be clearly stated, and the attention of the farming community directed to the means for its prevention.

The fungus appears on the potato tops about the middle of summer as a fine, delicate mould, forming little white patches on the under side of the leaves, and spreading from thence to the stalks, if the atmospheric conditions are such as to favor its development. It flourishes only in moist weather and makes little or no progress in dry weather. The white patches, just described, are soon succeeded by a discoloration of the leaf, due to the fact that the fungus has exhausted the tissues attacked by it, so that the spots now appear brown and dead. If the greater part of the tops have moulded, as may happen in bad seasons like the summer of 1885, the functions of the leaves may be so far interfered with as to prevent the further development of the tubers, or if the tubers have already attained their full development, they may themselves be attacked by the fungus while still in the ground, and become diseased before they are harvested. If the weather has not been wet for some time before harvesting the crop, the diseased condition of the tuber shows itself in the

form of "dry rot." This may or may not be manifest on the outside. In the case of white varieties, the White Star for example, it shows very plainly the parts affected, being dark colored and more or less shrunk and hardened. In dark varieties with a thicker skin, it may be necessary to cut the potato open in order to ascertain whether it is sound or not, and although the disease may sometimes be present without showing itself plainly, it is safe to say that it can be recognized very readily by the brown discoloration of some portion of the potato affected by it. If instead of being kept dry, the tuber has lain in wet ground some time before digging, or is placed in a damp cellar, it sooner or later passes into the condition known as "wet rot." This is only a later stage of the disease.

The parts previously affected by the "dry rot" are dead, and consequently unable to resist decay, and if kept wet or moist they are attacked by a swarm of bacteria, and soon pass into a condition of putrefaction.

Of course no one thinks of storing or planting such rotten potatoes as these, but they are harvested, put into the cellar and planted when affected by the "dry rot," and therein lies the danger that should be guarded against.

If we cut into a potato tuber that shows the "dry rot," and make a microscopic examination of the diseased portion, we shall find winding about between the cells, and in some cases penetrating them, a collection of minute hollow filaments filled with the food materials they have drawn from the potato, while the cells around them are discolored and dead. These filaments constitute the vegetative system of the fungus, and they are capable of living in this form for an indefinite period, safely preserved in the substance of the potato, until the favorable conditions of growth present themselves. These conditions are warmth and moisture, and they are present in the spring when the potato is planted. After planting such a potato, if growth takes place, the fungus grows with the young plant.

The diseased shoots come to the surface penetrated by the filaments of the parasite, which presently pushes out to the surface a multitude of fruiting filaments on which are borne the innumerable spores by which it is multiplied. These are borne by the winds for miles, and in this way are carried to other pots from them through good individuals would be not all the better for such backing. The day for figuring these crosses may have passed away, but it is singular how the greatest performers and the greatest sires continue to run back to those strains. But perhaps they were not "speed" producing members of great families.

First. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is useless to attempt to cure such a disease by applications of any sort. The disease is deep seated and will not yield to any such treatment.

Second. The great means of prevention is to avoid planting diseased tubers. Every potato that is planted should be cut open and subjected to the most careful examination to see that it shows no signs of "dry rot." Of course, even then, some may be overlooked and planted by mistake, but it is right here that the ounce of prevention is worth most and will avail most.

Taird. Much may be gained by planting on a dry soil, as the disease requires moisture for its development, and has always been observed to be worse on moist clay land than on sandy soil.

Various other suggestions by different writers have been made for the prevention of the potato rot, but those given above seem to be the only really effective ones that are at the same time entirely practical.

Mr. Erwin F. Smith, who has been assisting Prof. Spalding in his investigations, spoke in substance as follows:

I have nothing to add to what has already been said relative to the nature of the potato rot, and the methods for its prevention. You may, however, be interested in brief consideration of its prevalence, and of the economics of the subject. The rot of 1885 was confined chiefly to a district extending westward from Upper Canada along the great lakes to Dakota, a territory about 400 miles wide by 1,500 miles long, embracing Canada, New York, Pennsylvania (?), Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota. The rot was not present in noticeable degree in New England (?), South Ohio, South Illinois, Kansas or Nebraska, and so far as I know, did no serious damage anywhere in the south.

Why was this particular district singled out for visitation? There appear to be two reasons: 1. In portions, at least, of the district named the rainfall was more abundant than usual during the summer and fall, and wet weather is well known to be favorable to the spread of this disease. 2. More potatoes are grown in this district than in all the rest of North America, north of Mexico. Where the carcass is there the wills be gathered together. Where the potatoes are there will be the rot, because where everybody grows potatoes there the fields will be near each other, and there the spores of the fungus can easily and quickly pass from field to field over a wide district, as flames pass from street to street by means of intervening buildings. It so happened last year in this particular district that the conditions of contiguity, temperature and moisture were just right to bring about a luxuriant growth of the fungus, and the rot was therefore widespread and destructive.

In general it was much worse on wet, low lands than on dry, sandy uplands. Early varieties rotted less than late ones. The power fast o' slow. The Food Grinder which we sell, comprises the best set of machinery in the market for the farmer. The Power is made with an adjustable steel belt driving, which will cut edges without extra cost. It has the capacity to cut one ton per hour. The Grinder will cut 100 bushels of corn in 10 minutes, or 100 bushels of grain in 15 minutes, or 100 bushels of oats in 20 minutes, or 100 bushels of wheat in 25 minutes. The Power is made with an adjustable steel belt driving, which will cut edges without extra cost. It has the capacity to cut one ton per hour. The Grinder will cut 100 bushels of corn in 10 minutes, or 100 bushels of grain in 15 minutes, or 100 bushels of oats in 20 minutes, or 100 bushels of wheat in 25 minutes. The Power is made with an adjustable steel belt driving, which will cut edges without extra cost. 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March 9 1886.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

Horticultural.

PLANTING, CULTURE AND CARE
OF FRUIT FOR THE FARM.[Paper read by C. Engle, at the Paw Paw Farm Institute, last Wednesday, Feb. 21st.]

Have the ground prepared as early in spring as it can be worked, without breaking when it comes to dry out. After the plot for the orchard or berry patch is plowed and harrowed, as good a way as any that I have found to lay it off, is to take a rope or ball of twine, (a ball of wool twine answers every purpose) and stretch it across the plot in the exact place where you wish to begin setting out your trees or plants. By standing at either end, any divergence, ever so slight, from a straight line will readily be seen and can easily be straightened. After the line is in the exact place where you want it, and drawn taut, with a stick five feet in length and two inches in diameter, follow along the line on one side, making a mark the whole length. Measure off for the next row and mark as before, and repeat the operation until the whole plot is marked one way. Move the line and mark the other way the same as described above. Of course where the lines cross is the place for your plant.

A great deal has been said and written about cutting the ends of the roots off smooth, where they have been bruised and broken in digging. In years past, I have experimented considerably in that line, setting some with the ends of the roots cut smooth and others, at the same time and with the same conditions, just as they were dug from the nursery rows. All the difference to be seen was before the roots were covered up. With like care one grew equally as well as the other.

I think it a good plan to set your trees or berry bushes an inch or two deeper than they stood before taking up. In all cases, deciduous trees, shrubs or brambles will do much better if a considerable proportion, (and in case the roots have been much mutilated) a large proportion of the tops are removed at the time of transplanting. No exact rule can be given, only the general one, to cut the top according to the root you have.

I am often asked the question, what shall I plant among my young trees? I know of nothing better than corn; it will stand as much cultivating and late as most any crop we grow. And I believe the average tiller of the soil takes more pains to keep his corn clean than any other crop. It is absolutely necessary the young orchard should receive clean and thorough cultivation for the first three seasons, if we expect the trees to live and make any satisfactory growth. In laying off the ground for corn or other crops grown among trees, be sure a row follows on the line of each row of trees each way. In this way each tree will occupy the place of a hill of whatever you may be growing, and will be out of the way of your horse and cultivator.

Some one will ask, can I stop cultivating at the end of the third season? No. The fourth? No. When? Never, if you wish to grow fruit successfully. There may be some soils rich enough to produce a crop of grass and a good crop of fruit at the same time. I have seen none but what would bring a much better crop of fruit without the grass.

What is here said of the necessity of cultivation in growing the young orchard is emphatically so of the berry patch or plantation. I suppose you all have a berry patch? If you haven't you ought to. No one knows what good there is in a dish of strawberries, raspberries or blackberries, until they have grown them themselves and picked them fresh from their own vines. It is an actual fact there are farmers on our street owning 40, 50 and 100 acres of land who buy every berry they use, and grumble because they have to buy any. I don't suppose there are any other streets in the township of Paw Paw like ours in this respect. If there are any here who have so far neglected to set out a berry patch, don't do so any longer. Set it out this spring just as soon as the ground will work. Does it pay? Well I rather think it does. If you see the smiling countenance of your household angel as she places before you a generous dish of luscious strawberries or raspberries fresh from your own garden, you don't think it pays, you must be hard indeed to please. But this paper is already sufficiently long, although I have said but very little of all that should be said on this subject.

SOUTH HAVEN AND CASCO POLITICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the society to discuss the topic, "What varieties of peaches shall we plant for profit?" the secretary called on the members to make out lists, without consultation, of 1,000 trees of such sorts as each would use for market. Fourteen lists were furnished, embracing twenty-five varieties, of which the following were named by six or more growers, together with the average number of trees.

One of the students of the Storrs' school has recently taken 150 young parasitic insects from the body of a single caterpillar, the celeroy worm. The difficulty is increased from the fact that so many species of insects prey upon the same plant. Mr. William Saunders has found no less than twenty-five insect pests attacking the currant, over twenty species on the strawberry, fourteen attacking the blackberry, twenty-four the raspberry, fifty-nine the grape, eight the squash, thirty-six the pear, forty-three the plum, and twenty-five the peach.

The apple, according to Prof. Lintner, has at least one hundred and twenty-six destructive insects preying upon tree or fruit. The plant louse or aphid, is one of the most curious insects, especially as regards its fecundity. Eggs laid the previous fall, are hatched in spring, the whole brood being wingless, and of one sex, called neuters or imperfect females. In about ten days these begin to reproduce, not by eggs, but by internal buds, which break away and pass from the parent as quite well developed insects, and at the rate of two a day, according to the lowest estimate.

The first broad continue this reproduction about fifteen to twenty days, then die, and their offspring, after about

twelve days from birth, begin to reproduce after the same method as their parents, and for about the same length of time, generation after generation, until fall, when a set of perfectly formed males and females is produced; these leave a set of fertile eggs upon the trees to hatch the following spring. Could all the progeny from one imperfect female, hatched May 1st, be preserved during five months, the number would reach 34½ quintillions of plant lice—enough to keep one person counting at the rate of sixty per minute, day and night, without cessation, ten thousand million years.

The plant louse is so prolific that it is said they would become numerous enough in three years to exterminate every other living thing, plants and animals, if they had no checks, but they are preyed upon by so many enemies that they are kept comparatively within bounds, yet their ravages are by no means inconsiderable.

APPLES FOR A SMALL ORCHARD.

[ALASKA, Mich., F. B. 21, 186. To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.]

DEAR SIR:—As your numerous readers seem to be able to answer most any question that is raised, would some one of them of more experience than myself, name the most desirable varieties of apples for an orchard of seventy two trees, to be set 30 feet apart each way. I am a new beginner at farming, and a little assistance in this new undertaking will be highly prized.

[SUBSCRIBER.][REPLY.]

The writer fails to state whether his purpose is to plant for the use of a family or for market purposes, or a combination of the two. Neither does he state the nature of his soil, on which the success of certain varieties largely depends.

Assuming, however, that he wishes a supply for a family, both for cooking and for dessert, and that the surplus is to be marketed; also that he desires a succession running through the entire year, we suggest the following: Two Early Harvest, two Red Astrachan, two Jefferies two Maiden's Blush, two Chenango, two St. Lawrence, five Ohio Nonpareil, five Melon, five Rhode Island Greening, five Pock's Pleasant, five Baldwin, five Red Canada (topgrafted), two Early Strawberry, two Sweet Bough, two Jersey Sweet, two Lowell, two Dyer, two Ramsden's Sweet, five Shiawassee, two Pomme Gris, two Talman Sweet, two Jonathan, two Roxbury Russet, five Golden Riset.

We further suggest that, to meet any peculiar want, and to provide for possible peculiarities of soil, the planter consult the catalogue of the State Horticultural Society, to determine whether he may not vary the selection, with advantage, to better adapt it to the circumstances.

[T. T. LYON.][Insect Life.]

B. F. Koons read a paper on the above subject before the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, in which he said men who were very intelligent on other topics knew little or nothing of the depredations committed by insects, or of the transformations they undergo. It is estimated, said Mr. Koons, that the annual products of the country at the present time, reach in value the sum of three or four billions of dollars, and that one-tenth is destroyed every year by insects, an amount reaching between three and four hundred million of dollars, and it is further calculated that from one-fourth to one-half or more of this enormous loss can be prevented by a proper understanding, and use of means to check the ravages.

Truly has it been said that insects have established a universal empire over the world. They are found in all lands, and no plant is free from their attack. The seed, root, stem, pith, bark, leaf and flower, are all devoured by one or more insects. They are found in our gardens, our fields, our granaries, our homes; and our domestic animals, and even our persons are not free from their attacks. Insects have four stages, the egg, the larva, the pupa, and the perfect or winged insect; the larger portion doing their mischief in the larval or worm stage. Some, such as the grasshoppers, are active, and eat during the pupa and adult stages also. Only a part are destructive in the winged state.

There are about 375,000 species of insects known, some six thousand of which are destructive to cultivated crops. Many species of insects have been imported into this country from Europe, and such often flourish better here than in their native land, because the parasites which prey upon them there are not in all cases brought over with them. The buffalo moth is an illustration; an insect that was never known to become numerous enough in Europe to devour carpets, though it would injure furs and clothing. Some are so far neglected to set out a berry patch, don't do so any longer. Set it out this spring just as soon as the ground will work. Does it pay? Well I rather think it does. If you see the smiling countenance of your household angel as she places before you a generous dish of luscious strawberries or raspberries fresh from your own garden, you don't think it pays, you must be hard indeed to please. But this paper is already sufficiently long, although I have said but very little of all that should be said on this subject.

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Pruning Peach Trees.

The tendency of peach trees is well known to throw out long branches which lose their side shoots and become bare poles, with fruit and leaves near the ends only. Referring to this tendency some cultivators do not allow any of the branches of their trees to extend more than five feet from the center, as hardly more than two feet, at the outside bear fruit. With this care, the trees at any age need never have a spread of more than ten feet under the management of careful pruning. Large orchardists, however, in regions of the country where the trees do not live long after coming into full bearing, let the trees take their own course, and do not give them this attention.

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Raspberry Culture.

[Mr. Pierce of the Hennepin Co., Minn., Horticultural Society, read a paper on raspberry culture which contains his impression of varieties as adapted to severe climates. We condense as follows.]

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MICHIGAN FARMER

—AND—

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

JENSTON & GIBBONS, Publishers.

Terms, in Advance:

Subscriptions.....\$1 50 Per Year

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

No. 44 Larned Street, West, (Post and Tribune Building) Detroit, Mich.

Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters registered, or by procuring a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.

The Michigan Farmer

—AND—

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1886.

This Paper is entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 103,699 bu., against 51,078 bu. the previous week, and 136,035 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 40,505 bu. against 41,945 the previous week, and 44,582 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 2,293,633 bu., against 2,237,407 last week and 1,094,172 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on February 27 was 52,119,696 bu. against 52,841,839 the previous week, and 43,455,833 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 69,143 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 27 were 319,331 bu., against 581,329 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 3,181,130 bu. against 7,407,368 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The market has been quiet all week, the movement of stock being light, both in cash grain and futures. Prices fluctuated within narrow limits, but toward the close of the week there was a sudden strengthening of values that caused an advance in all domestic markets. The week closed with prices higher by a few points than on the previous Saturday, and a stronger feeling among operators. Yesterday there was a firm and buoyant feeling at the opening, with prices higher; later reports turned the market downwards again, and at the close values ranged about the same as on Saturday for spot wheat, and a shade lower on options. Chicago was also strong at the opening, but turned downwards, and at the close showed a decline on both spot and futures as compared with Saturday. No. 2 spring closed at 80@82c for spot, and No. 3 at 72@73c per bu. Toledo was weak, with last sales at 92@93c for spot. Liverpool cables reported a firm feeling, with unchanged prices and sellers offering moderately.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from Feb. 16th to March 8th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	White, red.
Feb 13	90 1/2	90	90	83
14	90 1/2	89	89	83
15	90 1/2	89 1/2	89	83
16	90	90	90	83
17	90	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
18	90	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
19	90	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
20	90	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
21	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
22	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
23	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
24	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
25	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
26	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
27	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
Mar 1	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
2	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
3	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
4	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
5	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
6	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
7	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
8	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83

The following statement gives the closing figures on No. 1 futures each day of the past week for the various deals:

	March	April	May	June
Tuesday	90	93 1/2	93 1/2	94
Wednesday	90 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	94
Thursday	90 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Friday	91 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Saturday	91 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Monday	91 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	March	April	May	June
Tuesday	90	93 1/2	93 1/2	94
Wednesday	90 1/2	93 1/2	93 1/2	94
Thursday	90 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Friday	90 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Saturday	90 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95
Monday	90 1/2	91 1/2	91 1/2	95

The outlook shows no change as compared with a week ago. The weather has been pleasant, and for the season the temperature has been high. How long this weather will continue is the question, for bad weather now, with the winter wheat fields entirely bare and the ground nearly free from frost in many places, and covered with ponds of water from the rains of two weeks ago in others, would be a serious matter for wheat-

growers. It looks as if an early spring were assured, but it is yet too early to feel sure of that.

The foreign markets the past few days have become firmer for American wheat. This arises from a variety of causes, one of which is that neither home grown nor East India wheats can be made into even passable flour without a large mixture of American. They are very deficient in quality, and bakers have discovered it to quality in many instances.

Navigation will soon open now, and we look for some improvement from that fact. The "visible supply" keeps steadily decreasing, and with the knowledge that stocks in the country are lighter than usual, we see no reason for any weakness.

It is true the industrial depression is being added to by the conflicts between labor and capital, and such troubles always have a baneful influence upon trade and values.

Quotations at Liverpool yesterday for American wheat were as follows, per cental: Winter, 6s. 11d. @ 7s. 1d.; spring, 6s. 11d. @ 7s. 1d.; California, 6s. 6d. @ 6s. 8d.; club, 6s. 9d. @ 6s. 11d., market closing dull.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to \$6,958 bu., against 11,334 bu. the previous week, and 124,555 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments were 78,946 bu., against 96,004 bu. the previous week, and 57,213 bu. for the same week last year. The visible supply in the country on February 27 amounted to 11,503,910 bu., against 8,867,573 bu. the previous week, and 6,506,458 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 2,846,833 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 1,663,853 bu., against 1,755,367 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 11,426,423 bu., against 13,471,156 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 133,556 bu., against 145,586 bu. last week and 46,027 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. Corn declined a little early in the week, but before the close prices were back to about the same range as the previous week. No. 2 is quoted here at 38c, new mixed at 37c, high mixed at 39c, and new high mixed at 38c. Other markets also improved toward the end of the week. At Chicago No. 2 spot is quoted at 37@38c. Toledo is quoted firm at 39c per bu. for spot No. 2 and 40c for May delivery. The shipping demand is fair, and there is a steady feeling in the foreign trade. There was much more soft corn in last year's crop than generally supposed. Michigan suffered a good deal from this cause. The increase in the "visible supply" of over two and a half millions of bushels would naturally tend to weaken prices, but so far this has not happened. The Liverpool market is quoted quiet, with prices slightly lower than a week ago. Quotations there are 4s. 7d. per cental for old mixed and 4s. 2d. for new do. In futures, new mixed for March and April deliveries is quoted at 4s. 1d.

OATS.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 24,773 bu., against 23,275 bu. the previous week, and 23,102 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 40,505 bu. against 41,945 the previous week, and 44,582 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of oats now held in this city amount to 2,293,633 bu., against 2,237,407 last week and 1,094,172 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on February 27 was 52,119,696 bu. against 52,841,839 the previous week, and 43,455,833 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 69,143 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending February 27 were 319,331 bu., against 581,329 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 3,181,130 bu. against 7,407,368 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

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5	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
6	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
7	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83
8	90 1/2	90 1/2	90 1/2	83

Poetry.

RECONCILIATION.

To-day, beneath the willow, love, I slept,
My arm my only pillow, and you crept
Behind me, and, low stooping, you layed down
Your long eyelashes drooping and your crown
Of golden, shining tresses unclasped, fell
And swept me with caresses, and then—well,
I said I slept; I fear 'twas half untrue,
For I was half awake, dear love, when you,
Still low-bending, gave me that swift kiss,
That soft descending, thrilled me, as does—this.
O love, for many years a dead oak stood
Just in the edge of yonder distant wood;
In vain the wind beat on it like a rock;
It stood, nor angry wind nor rain could shock
It from its place, until one day there came
A lightning flash from heaven—a swift flame—
And touched it; its shattered fragments rent
Lay the dead oak where once it stood unbent.
No more this stubborn oak shall live again;
But, in the midst of storms of rain or hail,
We may, perchance, upon a black sky burning,
See the pale, quivering plant to heaven returning.
From whence, its magic virtues all unspent,
It may in missions of again be sent.

So, love, the stubborn pride that filled my heart
Lived on shattered fragments torn apart
By the swift kiss that on my lips'd burn.
And—thus to heaven shall that kiss return;
And, since you have it back—its power unspent—
Let it be oft to me on missions sent.

LOVE'S ARITHMETIC.

She was one and I was one,
Strolling o'er the heather,
Tet before the year was gone
We were one together.
Love's a queer arithmetician—
In the rule of his addition
He lays down the proposition:
One and one make one.
She and I, alas, are two,
Since, unwise mated,
Having nothing else to do,
We were separated.
Now, 'would seem that by this action
Each was made a simple fraction,
Yet 'tis held in love's subtraction,
One from one leaves two.
—Chicago News.

Miscellaneous.

A LESSON IN FRACTIONS.

It was such a blow to me, such a bitter, overwhelming blow! I had been so comfortable and happy since the schoolmaster had boarded with me. The big front chamber had been so grim and ghostly, always shut up and empty. It was our spare room when poor dear Charley was alive; but now that I was a widow and poor, it was a needless luxury to keep a guest chamber. None of our old friends cared to visit me now, just when I needed them most; when I was lonely and sad and miserable they refused to come. But when Mr. Slade took the room I didn't grieve about the loss of friends. It seemed odd to have money for the guest chamber, but the way that I was situated reconciled me to the thought very speedily indeed.

Then when my boy Charley got into that scrap at school I should have died if it had been anybody but Mr. Slade.

"Madam," he said, "your boy is mischievous—very mischievous."

"Yes, sir," I said, meekly.

"And to extend a rope in such a manner that the unconscious heels of his teacher should be tripped up thereby; to fill the hat of his instructor with stones; to put wax upon the bench so that the tails of his coat may adhere to this sticky substance and thus come to grief—all these things are very reprehensible, madam, and merit a condign punishment."

"Yes, sir," I replied, and wiped away my regretful tears, for I knew what was coming.

Either Charley would be expelled from the school, or dreadfully beaten by this injured man. It was better to have him beaten than expelled, but either was horrible.

"Please don't expel him, Mr. Slade," I said. "He must be punished, of course, but please don't beat him very hard."

"I shall not beat him at all," he said.

"Don't expel him," I entreated.

"Nor expel him," he replied. "If you'll leave the boy to me, there will be no further trouble. He has a good heart, and an open, generous, manly nature. I'll appeal to these, madam, if you'll allow me. I think we can get along with Charley if we take the right way."

"O, Mr. Slade!" I said, "how noble you are! how gracious! how magnanimous! I think Heaven was good to send me such a—a boorder."

He grew a little red under my praise, and, as it was school time, bowed himself out, but really he looked like an archangel to me as he walked down the street. Of course the simile was absurd. He was tall and lean and ungainly; the tails of his long coat did not flap as gracefully as many another coat close by. Charley said he was knock-kneed, but to me that was all that was desirable in man.

The way he managed Charley after that was miraculous; there is no other word for it. The boy was as wild and untameable as a young colt when Mr. Slade took hold of him, and shortly afterward he was the most tractable and orderly of mortals. I could see, though, the time and trouble it cost to work such wonders with him. In the spring they went fishing together, and Mr. Slade taught Charley how to manage his hook and line, and wheedle the poor little fish to his bait. In mid-summer they got up a collection of beetles and bugs and all sorts of things. It was terrible to the poor insects, I suppose; but, oh, dear Heaven! what a rest and comfort it was to me to have Charley amused and kept out of trouble.

I began to rest upon Mr. Slade, to confide in him, to ask his advice, and invariably take it on all occasions, to gratefully take advantage of his knack in repairing things about the house, putting in order troublesome domestic utensils. He always put up the shades in the house-cleaning time, and hung the pictures; and what I should have done without him that time the machine got out of order, Heaven only knows. I had a dress to finish for Mrs. Chappel and was working away, when, all at once,

the machine began to squeak dreadfully. It was a rasping noise, fit to raise the hair on one's head, and mine had ached dreadfully all the morning. I oiled and fussed at it, but all to no purpose; it squeaked more and more. And, to crown all, the nice pumpkin pie I had made for Mr. Slade's luncheon was burned to a crisp. I smelled it, and rushed to the stove, but too late. It was a black ruin and I sat down and cried over it. It seemed to me so sad and terrible I wanted to lie down and die, when in walked Mr. Slade to his luncheon.

"It's no use coming in," I said. "I don't see how you can board here, anyway. I am such a miserable housekeeper. It would be so much better if Charley and I were dead."

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Slade.

I felt ashamed when I saw the look of alarm in his face.

"It is very sad to burn the crust of a nice pie all to a crisp," I said.

"Do you think so?" said Mr. Slade. "Now for me it is a most excellent misfortune. Of all things in the world I have the burned crust of a pie. I have hesitated to declare this predilection, because I know it is a remarkable one, and not at all likely to be shared by the majority of people; but fortune has favored me to-day. Mrs. Sweet, let us have the pie by all means!"

And he actually lifted the horrible black thing to the table, and ate it—yes, he ate it—which was the most graceful piece of martyrdom I ever saw in a man. And then I got courage to tell him how I burned it; that Mrs. Chappel must have that dress, and the machine had begun to squeak in the most horrible way; that I'd oiled it and fussed with it, all to no purpose, and how I was to finish that dress of Mrs. Chappel's with the dreadful noise distracting my poor brain, I didn't know.

"We'll look at it," he said, in that restful, comforting, soul cheering way of his, and as I followed him in the sitting-room, I knew in my heart that he would exorcise that squeaking demon from the machine.

"It's the ball," he said; "it's become smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay here a piece of chalk, which is better than all."

And with that little white lump that he took from his waistcoat pocket, he made the machine perfect in five—in two minutes.

Now, how could I help watching him from the door again, as he walked away to school; and let his coat tails flap as they may, or be knock-kneed to eternity, how could I help sending after him my heartiest benediction and blessing?

And can it be wondered at that when only two or three months after he was going away, I was like one stunned and bewildered? We were sitting in the little front room, and I was finishing off that diagonal overskirt for Mrs. Chappel. Charley had gone hunting to the woods, for it was already autumn, and an early frost had set the leaves afame. A breeze from the west blew my hair into my eyes, and I put it back with a trembling hand. The soft warm day of golden light suddenly seemed to cloud over and become one of moody sadness.

"It's the ball," he said; "it's become smooth from friction, and if you'll bring me a little flour or meal, Mrs. Sweet—stay here a piece of chalk, which is better than all."

Confusion to Mrs. Chappel and her crooked seams! Tell me, madam, Mrs. Sweet—tell me, dear little heart, would it not even be better to give your future to a grim old pedagogue like me? It shall at least be free from crooked seams and puzzling problems.

I heaved a sigh of relief, and his strong arm fell sheltering about me.

"If heaven will vouchsafe to me," he said, getting back to his dear old world way, "your sweet companionship for all the days to come, I can even find it in my heart to be grateful to Mrs. Chappel and wish her well."

I don't know what I said, but everybody knows that I never could see any fault in Mr. Slade, and I don't to this day. He fills his professor's chair, and I have ever so many comfortable ones at home. Charley is a splendid mathematician, but there is a little fellow just creeping in fractions, and he came to me the other day, his dear little brains sore and puzzling over the self-same sum.

"And please, mamma," he begged, "a man sold his farm for \$8,730, and fourteenths of this is—"

"Go to papa, darling," I said; "he found out the cost of it long ago; but as for me, dear, I'm glad to say that I never could make it out—never."

And then, feeling that this was not a respectful way to speak, I added that his kindness for me had led him to overstate my capabilities.

"Why, Mr. Slade," said I, "I never got beyond the four rules in arithmetic."

"And upon these depend everything," he replied. "Come, put by your work, and let us see what we can do for a first attempt."

It was of no use to refuse. His was one of those material natures that always conquer. Half an hour after I was sitting close by his side at the table, with Charley's slate under my blurred eyes and Charley's pencil in my trembling fingers. The rosy evening light streamed in upon us, the soft south wind bringing resinous odors through the windows from the woods where Charley yet lingered.

"Now, my dear Mrs. Sweet," said Mr. Slade, and the very gentleness of his tone, the tender rendering of my name, made me snivel and shake, for I could not get the thought out of my head that when he was gone there was nobody left to deal tenderly with me or mine, "now pray try and give your thoughts to the subject in hand. It is the simplest thing in the world, and these rudiments once conquered the rest will follow. Now, a man sold his farm for \$8,730, and fourteenths of this is seven-ninths of the cost of his house, and the house cost seven times as much as the store, now what was the cost of the house and store?"

His house was so persuasive, so distinct, it must have been a pleasant voice to listen to at school, even if the poor little blockheads could make neither head nor tail of his meaning. I looked at Mr. Slade, and then out of the window, where the mellow light of the sunset shone, and away over at the wooded hills beyond,

and I thought how, such a little while ago, it was a spring landscape all bathed in tenderest green, and now it was autumn, the grass was sere and brown, the leaves were falling, the branhes like skeletons against the evening sky.

"Madam—my dear Mrs. Sweet," said the voice of the schoolmaster, "I beg your attention to these few first rules. It is distasteful to me to leave you a prey to the coarse habits of these village women, who flaunt their finery in an obtrusive and unbecoming manner and grudge you the poor reward for your labor."

"She said the seams were crooked, and perhaps they were," I said, for I knew he meant Mrs. Chappel. "I am not very good at sewing or—anything." Then two big tears rolled out of my eyes upon Charley's slate, and blurred the schoolmaster's figures, which so distressed him that he got up and took a turn about the room again.

"Dear Mrs. Sweet," he said, quite imploringly, "if you would only make up your mind to master these first rules. A man sold his farm for \$8,730."

"And I'm sure he got a good price for it," I broke in; "and whatever he got for his house, it must have been all it was worth. As for his store, I don't want to know anything about it; I can't see that it's any of my business, Mr. Slade, and I can't bother with it just now. If it is a house alone, or a farm—but to cut them all up and put them together again like a patchwork quilt is impossible for me to think of, Mr. Slade. I can't do it, I never could, and it's ridiculous to ask me such a thing, Mr. Slade. All I can do after you go away is to go on working for Mrs. Chappel till I drop dead; and if it wasn't for Charley, I wouldn't care how soon that would be."

Then I put my head down on the table and cried, ready to break my heart. I couldn't help it. I was the most wretched creature in the world, and my heart was full. I couldn't help the cry, and I'm glad now that I did.

"Miss Medland," said the editor, one Saturday afternoon; "I should like you to go to church to-morrow."

"I always do."

"Yes, but I wish you to attend the services at the Fourteenth P. E. They have a new choir—a quartette—and I should like to have a detailed criticism of their work in Monday's paper."

"Very well, I will go."

"The basso looks very bad," I thought as I sat in the church the next morning and glanced up at the choir, which was standing up preparatory to singing the first anthem. "What a terrible creature, with his great black beard and eyebrows! I hope he will not compel me to speak slightly of his singing. I am afraid of him."

But the next minute the anthem commenced, and oh! what a bass! It was nothing but a discordant growl. It was useless for the other three voices to strain at harmony. The bass persistently sang in the wrong key, with a disregard for time and tune that was absolutely maddening.

I never looked up after that first glance. I felt that I must show my disgust in my countenance, and perhaps meet the eye of the basso as it rolled wildly in its socket in sympathy with his frantic efforts to control his voice. "Perhaps he will not be so bad in the other numbers," I thought.

But he was—and worse. As the service progressed and the choir were at intervals called on to render their assistance, the basso's voice seemed to get huskier and more disagreeable. When I sat down in my room that afternoon to write my criticism, I had no compunctions in giving him as severe a lecture as he probably ever received on paper. Of the other three members of the quartette I had nothing but good to say, and I censured the directors of the church for allowing the efforts of three good singers to be rendered useless by an utterly incapable fourth.

I folded my manuscript and sent it to the office of my paper, with a note to the editor, in which I told him that my anathemas on the basso were strictly justified by his wretched performance.

When I read the paper the next day and saw how my horrid words looked in cold type, I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought of the fierce man with the black beard and eyebrows, and wondered what I should do if he found me out and demanded satisfaction. I wished that it had been the tenor, instead. He was a handsome young man, with a blonde mustache, from beneath which I felt sure no unkink words could come—to a lady, even if the lady had given him an unmerciful scolding in the columns of a newspaper. I should not be the least bit afraid of him.

But it was no use wishing. The tenor part had been beautifully rendered, and I had not a shadow of excuse to censure him.

"Mame," said my younger sister Belle, bursting into the room where I was thinking over my troubles, "come down stairs, won't you? You have been moping all day. Here it is eight o'clock in the evening, and you are still sitting up here by yourself. You have no writing to do for that tiresome paper, I know. I don't see why you do it at all. Literature is well enough in its way, but I think the trouble and annoyances must far outweigh the glory and—emulation."

"Never mind, Belle. Go away. My head aches."

"Of course. The old excuse when you feel cross. But do come down, there's a dear. Papa has brought a gentleman home with him, and we want some music. Mr. Wilton sings."

"I am tired of singing."

"No you are not, Mamie. You are disagreeable. I will go and tell papa that you will not come."

"Belle, don't be impertinent. Tell papa I will be down in a few minutes."

Plump came a kiss on the end of my nose, and Belle danced out of the room, reappearing in a minute to say:

"Oh, by the way, Mamie, Mr. Wilton is a member of the Fourteenth P. E. Church choir. You must have heard him sing yesterday."

"Belle!" I screamed.

But Belle was gone, after firing her parting shot.

Now what should I do? If I only knew whether Mr. Wilton was the black-bearded basso or the blonde mustached tenor!

"How much mout dey cost yer, and whar did yey git 'em?"

"Dey mout cost me two years in de Pen-

THE FIERCE BASSO.

When I undertook to write musical criticisms for a daily paper, it was with the firm determination to do entire justice to everybody. I would bestow praise where I considered it due, and not spare the lash where it could be rightly applied.

"We want criticisms, Miss Medland; not indiscriminate flattery or abuse," said the editor to me. "Let your words be well weighed. Do not allow personal preference or dislike to influence your judgment. Write fearlessly, but honestly, and consider a performance from every point of view before committing your opinions to paper. When compelled to be severe, abstain from spitefulness, and remember that the votaries of the divine art have tender feelings, which they carry very near the surface. That is all I have to say."

So I attended concerts, musicales, piano and organ recitals and all the various styles of entertainment in which music is introduced, and which because of some slight difference in arranging the programme, are called by distinct names.

Thus, a ballad, a vocal duet, two piano selections, a violin solo, and refreshments in a private house is a musciale. The same programme in a hall, with a quartette and an aria from an Italian opera added and the piano solo omitted, is a concert, while an entertainment essentially the same as the first mentioned, but with the name of the pianist in capital letters on the programme, becomes a piano recital.

I soon learned these nice distinctions, and religiously sat through all the entertainments for which I received tickets, giving my impressions of the performances in the paper afterwards as fairly from pure music.

"Will you not sing, Miss Medland?" asked Mr. Wilton, when we had been chatting for an hour or so.

"Miss Medland," said the editor, one Saturday afternoon; "I should like you to go to church to-morrow."

"I always do."

IT WON'T WORK.

A blue-bird perched on an aspen limb, In the February gitter, You can't fool me with your siren hymn — Or the tuit of your kneesome titter; I know, while of vernal things you blab, That the buds don't burst nor the brooklets bab; And that 'neath your promissory gab There's an ornithological titter.

There's a chestnut, birde, so it is—

This little toot you're tootting;

You seem to make it your annual "biz"

To come at the first saluting

Of genial air, and chirp about

The dardelion's coming out,

And the rhubarb's readiness to sprout,

And the verdure's general shooting.

But the blue-bird perched on an aspen limb!

This spring you sing a spective,

You can't the time till your senses swim

In the sea of a god-kissed nectar,

But you can't inveigle a chap that's cute

To snuff his four-ply flannel suit,

Or, in a moment of rashness, "shoot"

His all-wool chest-protector.

—Yonkers Gazette.

Mistakes of a Night.

While in Chicago recently Sir Arthur Sullivan was mistaken for John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, which led to an amusing contretemps. The incident, which we call from the unpublished diary of Sir Arthur, is headed "Mistakes of a Night," and the famous musical composer says: "During my American tour in the fall of 1885, I agreed to lead the orchestra upon the opening night of 'The Mikado,' in a place called Illinois or Chicago or some such name, and the manager of the opera house had billeted the thing all over; and from every blank wall and newspaper, during the day, I was stared in the face by the announcement: 'Mr. Sullivan will lead the orchestra in person this evening.' I would prefer to have had my title attached to my name. Not that I go in for that sort of thing very heavy, but it's just as well to be exact; but, singularly enough, the manager who had the bills printed didn't know I'd been knighted."

When I got to the opera house that night and looked out from the edge of the curtain, I found the house was packed. It seemed to me rather a swell house, too, most of the ladies and gentlemen being in evening dress in the boxes and orchestra circle. But what surprised me was that the three front rows of the orchestra chairs were occupied by villainous looking set of men as I ever saw in a respectable place. Most of them wore double-breasted pea-jackets and big diamonds, and they all had shining high hats in their laps.

"While I was still looking at them and wondering, they suddenly set up shouts of "Wooh, wooh, wooh!" Sullivan," which they continued until the manager told me I'd better go before the curtain.

"When I appeared on the stage, I thought those three rows of men would go crazy. They shouted and screamed as if they were mad; they called for three times three and a tiger again and again, and the performance was delayed for 15 minutes. It was the most enthusiastic ovation I ever received, and naturally I felt a little proud that my music should appeal to men of such rough exterior. Then I came to the conclusion that they were self-made men of wealth, of the real American type, who scorned the conventionalities of effete society, while yet appreciating the music of a master mind."

"The Boston girl's equivalent for theash examination, 'Ah, there's an' 'Alackaday, in the environment of the adjacent remote."

"Young lady gives up the struggle, yells: 'Thanks—s-s-s!' and leaves the car at the next crossing."

"Customer (to drug clerk compounding a prescription)—'Find weather we're having? Drug Clerk—Um.'

"Customer—'Feels a little like snow? Drug Clerk—Um.'

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"Customer—'What's the matter with you? Got a pain?'

"Customer (pointing to a sign)—'Read that, sir.'

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"Mrs. Fogg—'I declare! It's outrageous! Mr. Spread, the editor of the *Clarion*, says he is going to have your picture in his paper tomorrow morning, with your biography. It's an outrage, that's what I call it—an outrage!'

"Mrs. Fogg—'Oh, don't get excited, dear. Nobody will ever recognize the picture as my portrait.'

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in which my entertainers gazed into each other's faces with expressions of heart-rending despair. Then a threatening murmur arose that chilled my heart's blood, and rushing to the window I escaped and fled from that city.

I have been wondering ever since who John L. Sullivan is, and whether he is a librettist or a composer.—*London Telegraph.*

Amenities of Social Life.

Mr. and Mrs. Grap had just completed their morning repast when the latter ventured: "I suppose, John, that I ought to go out this morning and call on those odious Smiths, and then I must surely go and see the Joneses."

"If I don't, I would never hear the last of it; but I hate to go."

"Then don't go," hinted her husband.

"Don't go! I've got to go. You don't know anything at all."

"If I didn't want to go I —"

"I don't care what you would do. You don't seem to care what people think about you. For myself I—do—and I shall—go."

At the end of an hour she was in the Smith parlor.

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you. I thought you were never going to return my call."

Mrs. Grap: "Why, what nonsense, I have been just dying to come, and I said to Mr. Grap this morning, 'I really must go and see that lovely Mrs. Smith.' So you see I am here, and how have you been? And the children; where are they?"

"She the Judge release her?"

"Well, he said he had no right to interfere with religious matters."

"Religious matters?"

"Yes; he said that the laws of the land grant to every woman the right to take the veil."

The woman did not reply for several minutes. Then she said:

"I knew a woman who married a fool. I'm the woman."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

At a dinner table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practices, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

"She did not prove that she was innocent, did she?"

"O, no."

"Then why did the Judge release her?"

"Well, he said he had no right to interfere with religious matters."

"Religious matters?"

"Yes; he said that the laws of the land grant to every woman the right to take the veil."

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, do stay a little longer. I have not seen you for an age."

Mrs. Grap: "No I really must be going; but what a lovely wrapper that is of yours, dear; fits you perfectly. Well, good-bye."

Mrs. Smith: "Good-bye." When Mrs. Grap had disappeared: "How I loathe that woman. I was in hopes she would never come again and then I wouldn't have to call on her. Well, thank heaven, she didn't stay long."

In a short time Mrs. Grap enters the Jones mansion, and having greeted Mrs. J. with an affectionate kiss, begins: "My dear, I couldn't stay away any longer, you see."

Mrs. Jones: "I'm so glad. Why just at breakfast I said to Mr. Jones: 'I wonder why Mrs. Grap does not come. I wonder if she is sick; and the thought that you might be ill has positively made me wretched. You don't know how relieved I am."

Mrs. Grap: "Well, I was feeling rather bad this morning, but I could not put off coming to see you any longer. And how is your sweet little Nellie and that darling boy of yours?"

Mrs. Jones: "Oh, that makes me think you must hear Nellie play that new waltz. Come, Nellie, darling, play your new waltz for Mrs. Grap." (Nellie mangles the waltz.)

Mrs. Grap: "Beautiful! exquisite! and how much pleasure it must be to you to have a child so endowed. I declare, it seems wonderful to me. I was at the Smiths' a little while ago, and when she brought in those stupid brats of hers I positively pitted her; but I must be home in half an hour, so good-bye, dear. Come and see me as soon as you can, and don't forget to bring the children. But—by the way—have you seen Mrs. Smith's new waltz? Not? Well, it's a right good waltz."

Mrs. Grap: "Good-bye (closing the door). It was perfectly delicious to see the expression of agony on that creature's face when Nellie was drumming on the piano. I knew she wouldn't stay long after that."

Mrs. Grap (at home): "Well, thank heaven I have got off that my mind. I have been dreading it for the past week."

And so it goes on; Mrs. Jones taking her turn the following week, followed by Mrs. Smith, and the funny part of it is that they never seem to get tired of it.—*New Haven News.*

A Cheerful Giver.

There is on Prairie avenue a little coterie of gentlemen who, like members of other coteries living in other fashionable and unfashionable, for that matter—thoroughfares in the city, meet frequently at each other's homes and devote an evening to "a small game of draw." This particular party is composed largely, if not wholly, of members of South Side clubs. The game is never more expensive than the players can afford, though they could afford to "bet 'em liberally" if they were so inclined. It is never continued to an unseasonable hour, and it usually winds up with a "Jack pot" that is liberally "sweetened" till opened, and is worth winning. One Saturday evening not long ago this final pot grew to unusual proportions before any player found the necessary pair of jacks, and meantime it was proposed and agreed that the winner should put it in a plate next morning at church. When counted it was found to contain \$128. It was won by an elderly gentleman who is a regular churchgoer and a liberal contributor to church support, but he saw at once that a deposit of this kind would attract attention and perhaps provoke annoying comments, so he asked leave of the party to make it up in a nice package and hand it to the sexton. This was agreed to on condition that it was to be labeled simply with the legend: "From a j. pot." This was done, and the next morning it was handed in. The sexton took it immediately to the pastor. It so happened that the donation came most opportunely, and the pastor was so highly pleased that he announced from the pulpit that "a munificent friend of the church—Mr. A. J. Pot—whom it was not his pleasure to know personally, was sorry to say, had that morning sent in a most generous donation of \$128 to the church fund.—*Chicago Mail.*

There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some single good fortune.—*Emerson.*

A Novel Idea.

Once in a while the country editor, sitting some day at his office window and looking out over the snow-clad fields or the fields of waving grain, as the case may be, hits upon a good idea, one worthy the genius of an editor anywhere. This is what the editor of the Neillsville (Wis.) *Times* has done. Evidently the poetry problem vexed him, and, as he looked out of the window, an inspiration came to him. What the inspiration was appears from the following quotation, made from his valuable paper:

"THOUGHT SHE WAS POSTED ON JAM.—'Mildred,' said the school girl's mother, 'hand me my cookery book. They are making a kind of preserve to be sold at the Kennebec River that I never heard of before, and I want to see if it is true.'

"'What kind of preserve is it, mamma?'

"'They call it an ice jam, and I would just like to know how it is made, because ice is cheaper now than in the summer.'

"'Suzza! em' uppa!' said an Italian boot-black to Pat, just landed.

"'What's the charge?' asked Pat.

"'Five cents.'

"'Bogorra,' said Pat, as he seated himself in the chair, 'I am a foine country, Amerika, where a poor Orlishman can get his boots blacked by a gentileman wid good rings in his ears.'

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At a running mate—an eloping wife.

"Talk about women being flighty! Look at bank cashiers."

Every duty we omit obscures some truth we should know.

"Pa, what is a crank?" "A crank, my son, is the other fellow in a debate."

"Order State" is the injurious advice suspended before certain coal offices.

A crying baby at a meeting is like a good suggestion—it ought to be carried out.

For retail coal dealers are required in good positions. Cover the eggs with a soft cloth to carry them to the house. Keep them in baskets with soft cloth under and over them, in the room where they cannot chill at night, and turn them two or three times during the week. Many people complain that their eggs hatch poor, when the cause of it lies with them in not using care enough in gathering them."

HOOD'S SARASAPILLA is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the men who originated it. Hence Hood's Saraparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest and reliable.

"Taste the viabilities of life. Few men have had so many ups and downs in it. (It was the elevator boy who spoke thus.)

"There is no lofe in the Tin Cup mine," says a Western exchange. That explains the reason why the stock doesn't go up.

How Noah must have swelled around when the annual spring freshets came! He could always remember when the water was higher.

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SAMMY TILDEN, with all his supposed gravity, indulges in a joke or repartee. Most deep-thinking men do, whether politicians, judges, ministers, etc. President Lincoln said this was his relief, a sort of life-preserver against continuous anxious thought. A caller seeing the wall a fine picture of the old floating "Bethel ship" or sailors' church, that lay so many at the foot of Pike Street, asked Mr. Tilden jocosely whether it was a high church or low church? "That," replied Mr. Tilden, "depends entirely on the tide."

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Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, the author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training," "Farming," etc., President of the Veterinary College of the State of Michigan, to report members free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name, and address, and a fee of one dollar, will be answered. The FARMER will be answered at the rate of one dollar, and will be accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

In order that correct information may be given, consider your own interest, by making a full and accurate description of every symptom, no matter how trifling it may appear to be; examine the nostrils, lining membranes of the eyes, nose, mouth, and any other part of the animal, and state the exact condition of the animal. Hiccups, etc., cough, discharge from the nose, eyes or mouth; in case of any other symptom you may observe, in cases of lameness, state the part of the body affected, the position of the foot, carries the leg forward, or backward, swelling sensitive to the touch or otherwise, soft or hard. These symptoms when properly given, will be of great value in determining the presence of disease, with some degree of certainty. The symptoms should be accurately described, and standing, together with the name of animal, and address, and a fee of one dollar, has been received.

Private address, 201 First Street, Detroit.

Probably Indigestion in a Ram.

MERIDIAN, Feb. 20th, 1866.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a valuable Shropshire ram lamb, that will be one year old in March, that has been sick for days. The first symptom was that I saw was staggering; it stands and staggers as far as it can, lies down most of the time. I have not seen it eat anything since first taken sick, but drinks water nearly every time it has a chance. I think his bowels are constipated; he does not seem to be in any pain, the eyes and nose look natural. I concluded that it was stretches that ailed him, and tried a remedy given in American Agriculture; an injection of half a pint of warm water and a physic of lard, molasses and sulphur. He seems better, but does not try to eat. Will you please to answer through the FARMER what you think the disease is, and the remedy, and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The trouble with your colt's foot is either a fistulous abscess, which might have been prevented by proper management in the first place. In opening of the wound, and the poulticing of the sore was all right enough to remove the soreness, but the continued use induced suppurative action or the formation of pus, which being confined, found an outlet at the top of the hoof, constituting the disease known as quitor. Poulticing in such cases we regard as bad practice. To treat this case in its present condition requires the attention of a competent veterinary surgeon, one familiar with the structure of the foot, we would therefore recommend Dr. R. L. Parkins, of Romeo, under whose care the chances of recovery, or at least restoration to usefulness, unless the disease has worked too much destruction in the several tissues of the foot, we regard as favorable. We feel assured he would give you a candid opinion on examination of the animal.

Buy the Boss Zinc and Leather Ankle Boots. (Others become worthless as soon as wet.) The zinc lined boot keeps the foot in shape and place in wet weather, and lasts a lifetime. Sold by Harness Makers on 60 days' trial. Manufactured by Dexter Curtis, Madison, Wis.

QUOTATIONS:

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Below we give the latest reports of the live stock markets east and west for Monday, March 8th, 1866:

BUFFALO.—Cattle, receipts 1,288 head; dull, medium, \$3.80-\$4.50; good to choice, \$4.75-\$5; extra steers, \$5.25-\$6; stockers and feeders, \$5.50-\$6; veals in fair demand at \$6-\$6. Sheep, receipts 5,000; 10,000 cents lower than Saturday; common to fair, \$4.25-\$5.75; lambs, weak; common to choice, \$4.50-\$5.50; good to choice, \$5.75-\$6.75; extra, \$7. Hogs, receipts 6,000; active, firmer and higher; pigs and light mixed, \$4.15-\$4.35; selected Yorkers, \$4.40-\$4.50; light to choice, medium, \$4.50-\$6; selected heavy ends, \$4.10-\$4.50; coarse mixed, \$3.75-\$4.10.

CHICAGO.—Cattle, receipts 7,000; shipments 2,000; market quiet and a shade lower. Hogs, receipts 15,000; shipments 8,000; market strong and active, but not notably higher.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, March 8, 1866.

The following were the receipts at these yards:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.
Albion...	24	33	...
Angusta...	46	33	50
Ann Arbor...	65	33	50
Appleton Creek...	51	180	...
Baltimore...	7	78	12
Charlotte...	31	225	31
Clyde...	200	...	8
Columbiaville...	114
Dexter...	34	188	19
Eagle...	170
Farmer's...	10	117	...
Powerville...	10	80	...
Grand Blaine...	51	211	...
Grass Lake...	51	263	16
Holton...	17	19	...
Ironwood...	11	280	...
Marshall...	61	180	...
Metamora...	31	328	...
Oxford...	51	285	17
Portage...	7	43	20
Port Huron...	12	103	14
Rochester...	22	221	...
Saline...	460	76	...
Tekonkwa...	29
Utica...	54	34	...
Weberville...	115
Wixom...	13	70	...
Ypsilanti...	32	99	...
Total...	822	4,497	354

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 822 head, against 914 last week. The market opened up active and continued so throughout. For good lots of butchers' cattle prices averaged a shade stronger than those of last week, while common grades ruled steady and unchanged. The following were the closing:

QUOTATIONS:

Extra steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs., \$3.50-\$4.50

Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs., 4.50-\$4.75

Good Mixed Butchers' Stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers, 3.50-\$3.75

Coarse Mixed Butchers' Stock—Fat cows, heifers and bulls, 2.50-\$2.90

Stockers 2.50-\$3.25

Bulls 2.50-\$3.25

Williams sold Billkofski 7 fat butchers' steers at \$4.00 each

John Hayes & Bussell 4 good butchers' steers at \$4.00 each

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